



T H E

# Irishman's Ramble.

To London.

I'LL stay no more in Dublin,  
To live upon potatoe fare,  
But I'll go up to London,  
Arrah! Pat, won't you come. my dear?

C H O R U S.

Arrah! come, come away,  
My Irish blade,  
Arrah! come, come away,  
Och! your fortune will soon be made.

Now the Ladies of London  
They are so very kind,  
Whenever they get a poor  
Honest Teague to their mind.

As for your person tis comely,  
Both strait and tall,  
To handle a shelalah,  
G--'s blood an ouns! he can't at all.

If all things should fail you,  
And nothing at all prevail,  
Take the straps on your shoulder,  
And carry the milking pail,

If of all things I've told you,  
There's no hing at all will do,  
Take a flick in your fist,  
Stand a pimp at some bagnio door.

But curse upon that New Drop,  
Tis fatal to Irishmen,  
Whenever they handle the pops,  
Or the forging pen.

C H O R U S.

I'll not go away, I'll not go away,  
I'll not go away my Irish blade,  
For fear of the p--liet men.